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## The Republic Of The World.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

O vision of the coming time!  
When man has 'scaped the trackless slime  
And reached the desert spring;  
When sands are crossed, the sword invites  
The worn to rest 'mid rare delights,  
And gratefully to sing.

E'en now the eye that's levelled high,  
Though dimly, can the hope espy  
To solid soon, one day;  
For every chain must then be broke,  
And hatred none will dare evoke,  
And June shall scatter May.

E'en now amid our misery  
The germ of Union many see,  
And through the hedge of the thorn,  
Like to a bee that dawn awakes,  
On Progress strides, o'er shattered stakes,  
With solemn, scathing scorn.

Behold the blackness shrink, and flee!  
Behold the world rise up so free  
Of coronetted things!  
Whilst o'er the distant youthful states,  
Like Amazonian bosom-plates,  
Spread Freedom's shielding wings.

Ye, liberated lands, we hail;  
Your sails are whole despite the gale!  
Your masts are firm, and will not fail—  
The triumph follows pain!  
Hear forges roar! The hammer clanks—  
It beats the time to nations' thanks—  
At last, a peaceful strain!

'Tis rust, not gore, that gnaws the guns,  
And shatter'd shells are but the runs  
Where warring insects cope;  
And all the headman's rocks and blakes  
And pincers, tools of tyrant's aids,  
Are buried with the rope.

Upon the sky line, glows 't the dark  
The sun that now is but a spark;  
But will soon be unfurled—  
The glorious banner of us all,  
The flag that rises ne'er to fall,  
Republic of the World!

## The Passing Show.

On Monday, August 12, the press discovered a new kind of frost which it described as "A Real Freezer."

The inventor of the name of this new frost is Captain Davey, of the Canadian military forces, who came to Australia with a number of cadets and with some motive not quite apparent to the casual observer.

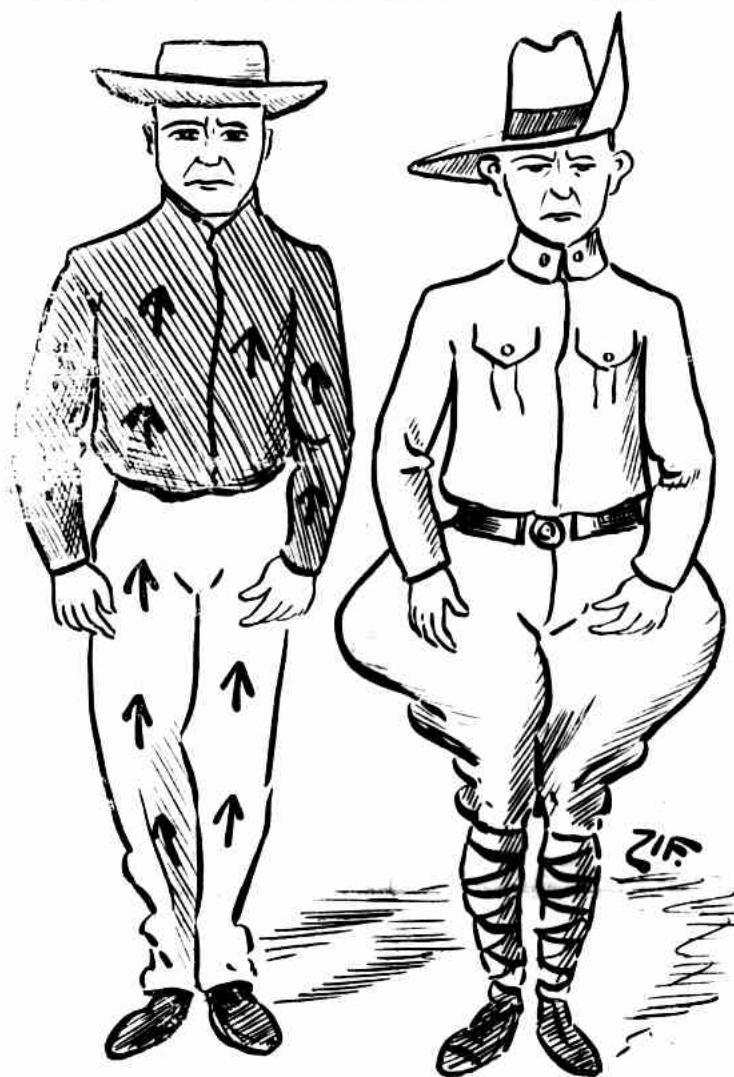
Captain Davey expected that the Cadets would evoke popular enthusiasm throughout the Commonwealth, but they had been coldly received. Their reception, he said, had been "A Real Freezer."

The mission of the Canadian Cadets, then, is a "frost," and a failure, and Captain Davey's "winter of discontent" is not made "glorious summer" by any brilliant receptions in packed concert halls or sports grounds.

The royal time which the gallant swashie expected in a country which had adopted Conscription, turned out to be a shilling frost, with no entertainments, no free passes on trains and trams, and no cheering crowds of delighted maffickers.

When the chill struck him, Captain Davey did not realise what it was or what had happened. "We feel we have been slighted," he said. "The Canadian people won't understand this treatment, and they will wonder if there is anything wrong with the boys or with me. We treated the Australian boys who visited us in a very different fashion."

"If we had been a troupe of Indians from Canada we would have had the whole town running after us. If we had been Japanese cadets, you couldn't have done enough for us. Your Government spent money like water, I am told, on the American Fleet. Well that was alright. But don't you forget it, if you ever find yourselves in trouble, you have got to look to Canada, and not to the United States. The United States are out to get all they can; we are out to hold together the Empire, and see that no part of it gets astray. We are willing to give our lives, our money, anything at all, if ever you are in need. That was the message that Sir Chas. Herbert Tupper, son of one of the founders of



Young Australia's Option.

the federation, gave us to give you."

That little speech ought to have appealed to Australians, but it didn't. The black frost showed no sign of thawing, and the gallant officer still shivers in "A Real Freezer." He cannot understand it, and yet the matter is very simple of explanation.

In Australia the militarists have gained Conscription by underhand methods, and they don't want to create alarm and give the show away by too much ostentation. It is too early yet to invite their friends to a triumphant jollification. If they come uninvited, they must take "pot luck" and mustn't be surprised if they find that the "billy" isn't boiled nor the damper baked.

In Australia the working class fought for twenty years to win political power, and at last they achieved an absolute triumph in politics. The Labour Party won all that any political party could win anywhere. The national government fell into its hands.

As soon as the leaders were safe in office they proceeded to conciliate the enemies of the workers by a display of patriotism and a love of anti-labour legislation. They had been charged with want of patriotism and lack of loyalty and love for the dear old Capitalist flag of Great Britain. This argument had a disastrous effect.

As the leaders were determined to stay in office, they decided to disprove the above damaging allegations by showing that the Political Labour Party is as patriotic and loyal as any other party.

To prove their patriotism, and counter the allegations of their opponents, the Liberals, they introduced a drastic system of military Conscription with vast schemes of national defence. They built small arms factories, military establishments, and invited leading military authorities like Henderson to come and advise them.

To prove their loyalty to the Empire,

they went to the Coronation grovel in London, to hob-nob with the old nobility there. While there, they entered into an agreement with the wire-pulling militarists to aid each other in all schemes of compulsory training and foreign aggression. They sold the Australian Conscripts to the aristocracy to prove their loyalty and inspire confidence in the minds of the bourgeoisie.

At the time they were selling their supporters, the latter were impatiently awaiting new labour legislation. They were doomed to disappointment, for their leaders being "in" were devoting all their energies to keeping "in." They enforced the Conscription Act, fined and gaoled the sons of their own supporters, and disgusted thousands of those who had expected better treatment.

Now the people are so disgusted with militarism and the Conscription scheme that they no longer enthuse when they see a band of Cadets, and when Captain Davey comes with his Canadian boys he is coldly received. The people are doubtful as to what the "move is for," and they proceed to freeze the Captain out.

He is quite right when he asserts that Australians would more readily welcome a troupe of Canadian Indians than a troupe of Canadian Cadets. They have been deceived and done so badly with the Cadet Conscription scheme that the sight of a band of Cadets under a military officer at once cools any military ardour they once had.

It reads very nicely when the Captain says: "We are willing to give our lives, our money, anything at all, if ever you are in need," but it is very peculiar nevertheless. Why should the Canadians enthuse about us? Why should they be ready to lay down their lives for us, who don't enthuse two-pennorth for them, and who subject one of their military dandies to a freezing reception?

The whole of the Captain's remarks savour of international leg-pulling, notwithstanding that the "son of one of the founders of the federation" sent him to make them. They would not be believed here if the son of the cook to King George the Fifth told us so.

But the militarists over-do the "soft sauder" business. They are better at turning their maxim on to niggers or their rifles on to strikers, than they are at showering compliments on those upon whom they have deep designs. They are easily seen through. They lay it on so thickly.

Captain Davey lamented that he had to put down £120 hard cash for transportation of the boys to Melbourne. He had been told that there would be no difficulty about being franked over the railways and tramways of the Commonwealth, and here they were being charged for every mile they travelled. He had expected something quite different in a country like this where the people seemed silly enough to stand Conscription.

He had expected that the two shows they gave would have been well patronised, but they resulted in a dead loss of £85. He expected that competitions with local Cadets would be arranged so that they might try conclusions with them, but so far nothing of the sort had been done.

There was no enthusiasm, no maffick, only a frost—"A Real Freezer." It is very much to be hoped that the Captain's military ardour may be cooled thereby. If it could have been arranged that he should walk to Melbourne he might have been sure of some appreciation, and would have been amply compensated by hearing Sir John Fuller, Governor of Victoria, and Mr. Justice Hodges elocute on the Cadet business in the manner of the true and pure Empire patriot.

As a Britisher, Sir John was very proud of the Australian-Swiss-German-French Conscription scheme. He said: "There is no movement which has commenced in Australia which is being watched with greater interest, and which is being watched with greater pride by Britishers as a whole, than the Compulsory Service movement, which is on its trial in the Commonwealth."

This somewhat remarkable statement was soberly reported in the "Argus" of August 15, and the paper didn't seem to know that it was allowing a bosom friend to make a public fool of himself in its columns. Britishers as a whole cannot be very proud of the Australian Conscription scheme, and the people who suffer it, seeing that they will have none of such a system themselves. Any interest they display in the trial of Conscription here arises out of curiosity. They marvel that any offspring of theirs put up with it. They could understand the descendants of continental Conscription nations willingly becoming Conscripts, but Britishers—Ruin Britannia! Britons never, never, etc.!

After Governor Fuller came Mr. Justice Hodges "tall of wise saws and modern instances." He told the Cadets what a glorious Empire it was, and how proud they should be to belong to it. "Let the spirit of the historic British regiments catch you," he said, "and when you young men have passed as many summers as I can look back upon, you will recall with pride the career now opening before you." If they did not wince, the young men should at least have looked round suspiciously when the Judge spoke of the "spirit of the historic British regiments" catching them. The Press Gang used to catch their forefathers, and now the common policeman catches Cadets, and "runs them in" if they try to shirk the "glorious career" of drilling and punishment before them. "I envy you the chance of commanding the admiration of Australia," the Judge said, and at the same time he blessed himself that he was over the age when the spirit of modern militarism could catch him and bully him round his playground.

Governor Fuller and Mr. Justice Hodges are fine examples of the militant patriot—they are very proud of the silly soldier.



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H. E. MOLLAND, Editor.

O. W. JORGENSEN, Manager.

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### The "Augean Stable."

Dr. Anderson, Bishop of Riverina, when addressing the Provincial Synod, the other day, discussed social problems. Turning to a survey of the world to-day, he referred to the international strife amongst the nations, and to the industrial unrest and internal strife in all countries. Communities, he said, did not seek peace in Christ, but had recourse to their own nostrums, which only afforded momentary relief, and aggravated the disease. Hitherto the Church had failed because of the inconsistencies of her members, not because she had magnified the spiritual at the expense of the secular. Extremes of wealth and poverty were a menace to the peace of the world, and the Church would welcome any sound method of adjusting the inequalities. "If socialism is the cure," he said, "let Socialism come. If it be syndicalism that is to cleanse the Augean stable, then by all means let it be the flood. But Socialism and her claimant sister, Syndicalism, have yet to show that they are radical enough to meet the enormous task before them. Who would say that when all men were equally provided for, all men would be equally good? And by what system of Eugenics are you going to guard against the unscrupulous, the greedy, the ambitious, the covetous, the rogues, the liars, the thieves, and the many evils that must ever threaten the body politic. Socialism and Syndicalism must fail because they do not deal with the whole man; or rather, they ignored that part of his composite nature that matters most. Unless the Spirit of Christ permeates, the social and economic reforms, all such reforms are doomed to inevitable failure. The Church is the salt of the earth, and must keep the world from putrefaction, by contact with it, and by constant effort to permeate it more and more. Philosophers will come and go, have their day, and cease to be, and one after another be swept into the dustbin of forgotten absurdities, but the Church of Christ would remain inviolate and impregnable."

Such, in brief, are the views of many leading churchmen, who to-day are being driven to abandon, for the time being, the old spiritual byways to discuss the hard facts of every day life. The Church has failed, Dr. Anderson admits, "because of the inconsistencies of its members," many of whom profess to worship Jesus, the working man who had neither land nor house nor where to lay his head. Some princes of the Church even, have been guilty of inconsistency. Bishops have been known to draw princely salaries while the humble curate and the laboring layman have had to exist on a paupers' dole. Everyone, except the dignitaries of the Church, have seen these inconsistencies, and they have seen that the longer the Church exists, and the further it goes, the worse such inconsistencies and inequalities become. Men and women, fat from the exploitation of other people, crowd the front seats of the Church to listen to educated and trained gentlemen, while they exalt "the spiritual at the expense of the secular." "Come all ye that are weary, and heavily laden, and I will give you rest" has taken on a new meaning in the Church. The cultured preacher in the modern Church now says in effect: "Come all ye that are weary and heavily laden with the spoils of trade, and the exploitation of your fellow man, and I will give you rest in the belief that such worldly things do not matter, that you only need concern yourselves with your spiritual well-being here and hereafter."

Everyone who thinks over such things must see the glaring inconsistency of Church members from the highest to the laity; and all may agree with Dr. Anderson that extremes of wealth and poverty are a menace to the peace of the world. But does the Church welcome any sound method of adjusting the inequalities. Dr. Anderson likens civilised society to an Augean stable, but he doubts and opposes the only proposal which is calculated to deal effectively with the cleansing problem. He doubts whether Socialism would guard against the "unscrupulous, the ambitious, the greedy, the covetous, the rogues, liars, thieves, and the many evils which must ever threaten the body

politic." Why must such evils "ever threaten?" Are such evils not largely a matter of environment? Can the evils not be minimised by changing man's environment? When all men are equally provided for, will all men be equally good? the Bishop asks, and it should occur to him that were all equally provided for, there would be less incentive to, and consequently less, lying, greediness, ambition, and thieving. Prison authorities and statistics have proved many times that most of the criminality is due to the poverty and economic pressure. It matters little whether an offender is a believer in some form of religious worship or not, poverty will debase and degrade him or her. The jails are full of sincere believers who, had they had an equal chance with their fellows, would never have fallen.

But while the Bishop doubts if Socialism will "guard against the unscrupulous, the greedy, the ambitious, the covetous, the rogues, the liars, the thieves," he fails to remember that the present system has failed badly to guard against them. He recognises that the extremes of wealth and poverty are a "menace to the peace of the world," and that the Church has failed "because of the inconsistencies of its members," and that civilisation is like an "Augean stable," but he clings fatuously to the stable, and opposes any attempt at cleansing. "Socialism and Syndicalism," he says, "must fail because they do not deal with the whole man." He means that they leave out of account man's spiritual welfare and confine themselves to his material interests. But the present system does not deal with the whole man. It neglects his material well-being. And the Church has failed for the reason that it has neglected this material well-being of mankind, and has centred all its effort upon saving his soul from some imaginary world of torment. Mankind is tormented here, and an eternity of bliss hereafter could not compensate some for the misery they have endured in this world, nor raze from their minds the "rooted sorrow" of past remembrances.

The Church of Christ may be, as the Bishop says, in some sense the "salt of the earth," but "if the salt, as Jesus said, has lost its savor," how then can it keep the world from putrefaction? The belief that the Church will remain "inviolable and impregnable" when all else appertaining to the Augean system is altered, is surely ill-founded. The Bishop may be comfortable as things are, and the Church may seem to him the most important institution of our times, but all things mundane are determined by economic causes. With the alteration of man's environment will come a readjustment of his beliefs, religious, political, and ethical. With the destruction of Capitalism will come a fundamental alteration in the teachings of the Church, and the "inviolable and impregnable" mass of inconsistencies of to-day may be as hard to defend a few years hence as the doctrines of Calvin are to-day.

### England's Glory.

Facts and Figures.

BY AJAN.

A hen with her head off makes no more purposeless death convulsions in the barnyard than all the paroxysms of the organs of fat in discussing the labour troubles and discontent in Christian England during the last few months. Conservative journals fear the Empire is in danger, even Mrs. Grundy is asking, "Oh, what can the matter be?" The grave social evils have even forced an admission from divines of that octopus, the Established Church, which demands a toll of over £2,000,000 annually from the workers as its fee for providing for the spiritual wants of less than five per cent. of the population, that there is something wrong somewhere.

Statistics show that 4 per cent. own 90 per cent. of the wealth and 86 per cent. own practically nothing, but still empire builders can afford £40,000,000 a year for the navy. The navy is supposed to keep our foes at bay. Besides it provides work for the workers. It is quite true that in the stokeholes of our floating hells called battleships thousands of fine men are brutalised, demoralised, and degenerated annually, but that's a detail. There is also a standing army of over 3,000,000 unemployed in Britain.

A survey of the various occupations also shows that over 60 per cent. of the wage slaves are employed in non-productive or useless labour. Side by side with these economic evils are eugenic facts that speak volumes for the sanctity of the marriage tie. In 1909 there were about 7,000,000 bachelors and nearly 6,500,000 spinsters, of a marriageable age, which means that only a third of eligible people are married.

All the facts point to the conclusion that at the heart of this great and glorious empire there is growing up a class of unsexed people; for the most part living an artificial life in the crowded cities who differ in mentality taste and minor matters from the rest of the population. Conservative journals, while bewailing the increase of prostitution and celibacy, quietly ignore this fact

and profess a holy horror at the declining birth rate, race degeneracy, and divorce rampant that exists in the mother land.

All sorts of petty cries are raised to obscure the facts. Just now there is much talk of prison reform and decrease of crime.

The criminal statistics for England and Wales for the year ending March, 1910, read thuswise:—926 penal servitude, 166,608 various offences, 54,009 drunkenness, 21,049 begging, 5468 sleeping out, 17,437 debt, etc., and 894 defaulters.

The medical reports show a steady increase of mental diseases, while consumption, in spite of all attempts to check it, claims a heavy death toll. Venereal disease is increasing rapidly. The strikes seem to be healthy, physically. One mining locality during the coal strike showed a decreased mortality of near 300 per cent. two weeks after the strike. Of course this only proves that the Socialists are mad when they advocate a shorter working day. The English mortality tables prove that the working class are much shorter lived than the idle rich, and considerably shorter lived than the lackey classes. Parsons, in particular, are long lived. Presumably, they work hard.

The cost of living is rising rapidly in England, even the Archbishop of Canterbury feeling the pinch put up a pitiable prayer from the pulpit that he really could not live on £12,000 a year and quarters, so the congregation raised his stipend (mustn't say wages, it's rude) to £15,000.

The fatalities and accidents on land and sea show the uselessness of humanitarian legislation. Much fuss was made over the Titan's disaster, but the fact that the life-saving appliances on board the Navy, England's pride, are totally inadequate, is a mere trifle.

The feeding of thousands of starving school children (because it is economically advisable to the ruling class to do so), the lunacy and pauper statistics, all tell the same story, and yet men like Lord Rosebery solemnly tell the workers of England "That we live in the best of all possible worlds." The late Liberal Prime Minister admitted publicly that there were 13,000,000 on the verge of starvation. Privately, when heckled, he was reported to have said, "It's only 13,000,000 (one-third of the population)."

All authorities agree that farming in England is ruined, and the rural population is fast drifting into the big industrial towns. Wealthy landowners find it advisable to turn the peasants off the land, and convert their land into deer parks. It is estimated that about 2600 people own practically all the useful land in merry England. Even the fish in the rivers belong to Lord Spon-dulicks, as the land laws clearly show. England presents a close analogy with Rome tottering to its fall. A nation of millionaires and paupers. The capital gathers in the wealth of the world. Ships from the four corners of the world bring produce to this mart, yet no where is there greater opulence and poverty. On the one hand, a few idle rich, living in the lap of luxury, protected by their wealth; on the other, millions crushed down by economic pressure, living a hand to mouth existence. Mostly paupers, existing in want and ignorance and vice, lacking aspirations or ideas, haunted by the dread of to-morrow. So great is the valour of ignorance that scientific truths established 300 years ago are not understood, much less appreciated, by the masses. Thus we see quackery and charlatanism abound on all sides. One financial fact that strikes one very forcibly in connection with all this misery and poverty is the useless way the Government squander the revenue. There is a large civil list. Royalty, the army, and other adjuncts of the class state are pampered to an inordinate degree, while the poor rates, etc., seem miserably small.

In the West End of London palatial residences are let at £10,000 the season for entertaining purposes, while in the East End there are probably 100,000 who don't possess this sum between them. Everywhere in Christian England, according to the capitalist press, there is poverty, misery and woe. Conservatism says it is pathetic, while lamenting the spread of Syndicalism on the Welsh coal fields, the growth of Socialism and the decay of faith.

Every year thousands of young people dimly discerning the fatality of trying to live decently in England are persuaded by the lies at the lips of the emigration agent to burn their boat and emigrate to the colonies, especially Australia. One finds that although the climate and other local factors may make the conditions of life appear better here, they are practically the same, for a brain worker, if anything worse. Also one notices in the Australian cities the same industrial conditions appertaining in England hold sway, although being a young country, industrially, the ravages of capitalism are not so glaringly obvious. Against this must be remembered that capitalism is highly centralised in Australia, hence the speeding up. Labour leaders boast of the speed of the Australian worker, and are inaugurating a military despotism to buttress up imperialism, for the jingoes at home know that the Goths and Vandals that threaten England's glorious empire will come from the slums, and industrial hells of Britain.

## Wharf Laborers' Strike.

BY F. J. RILEY.

A body of wharf laborers have been found guilty and fined for striking—for withholding their labor power—for refusing to work under conditions that they considered not satisfactory.

Every chance the employing class get of harassing the waterside workers they take, they have one object in view, and that is to disrupt and disorganise any body of men who are capable through their industrial organisation to maintain a certain status of livelihood. They invoked at every opportunity the law courts of the so-called Labor Government, knowing full well that if they can get the wharf laborer, or any other worker into the courts, it is not a very hard matter to side-track and bamboozle him in the witness box, and thus show to him the dignity of the law. Once this is done the capitalist class fully understand that the average worker has a legal spell thrown over him that cannot be easily shaken off. They fully realize this point. That is why the judge in his trained voice, polished manner, and in certain legal surroundings will impress upon the worker the awfulness of his crime. He will tell the worker how very, very sorry he is for him, how he knows that he has been misled by a few agitators, how ill-advised he was to render himself liable under this fair and equitable law.

The question for the wharf laborers is, were they right in the attitude they took up or were they wrong? They were undoubtedly right. Why should they who will not even allow any individual who is not a member of their organisation work on the wharves at their work, even at the wages they themselves are getting, allow another body of so-called unionists to do their work at half their wages?

Wharf laborers in a ships' hold receive 6d per day work 1,6 per hour; seamen working in the holds doing wharves' work receive 8d per hour. For overtime wharf laborers receive 2,5 per hour; seamen 1,6 per hour. Now, were the members of the wharf laborers justified in refusing to work alongside another body of unionists working for a less wage than they are? Certainly yes, their only remedy was to stop work. And in spite of all the lawyer's fine phrases and the judge's weighty judgment, those ships could not be unloaded without their labor power, or, of course, of scab labour of the Seamen's Union.

Now it this is so, why did the wharfies recognise the law courts at all? Why did they not tell the police who delivered those summonses that pieces of blue paper will not shift cargo? Why did they not make bonfires of these summonses? If it was good enough to break the law by ceasing work, why was it not good enough to altogether ignore the courts.

Lawyers and judges can paralyse ordinary labourers when they get them in witness boxes, but they cannot shift cargo. Their fine legal technicalities will not keep the great busy centre of Sydney throbbing with its life's blood commodities. No, the wharfies did the right thing in refusing to work with an organisation that was being used for the scabbing purpose of breaking down their standard of living. But they did wrong when they walked so nicely and quietly into that trap so astutely set by the legal fraternity. For was not one of the lawyers who defended the wharfies once a partner (and did he not himself help to frame the Act) of the man who is to-day administering it. Was not Mr. Beeby the Minister under whom the case was taken at one time a partner of Mr. Moffat, who defended the wharfies. Funny, isn't it.

The law courts always have, and always will so long as the workers recognise them stultify all progress, that is their purpose, to protect the rights of the owning class.

Is it not possible to conceive of the wharf laborers, trolly and draymen, and coal lumpers ceasing work as a body. For it must not be forgotten that if the seamen's union is to be used for the purpose of undermining our organisations, we must then deal with it in the manner it deserves. The leaders, or perhaps it would be right to say the executive of the seamen's union, are fully seized with the facts of the case. The question then arises, why do they not then move. Surely they are not going to allow the accusation to be made that they are selling a body of men, that they themselves are prostituting themselves for the benefit of the steamship companies.

If they take no action, what other inference can be drawn? If they take no action, then it is time every other union connected with transport industry took a definite action.

In spite of Judge Scholes or any other judge, the wharf laborers were right when they refused to work with the members of the seamen's union, but they were wrong when they recognised the capitalist courts. The worker in the legal field is a fool. But legal points will not feed Sydney. Who can be done without, the lawyer or the wharf laborer? Workers, the answer rests with you; you in your organised might can paralyse industry. Judges nor lawyers can do this.



## Smile Bill.

BY SYDNEY PARTRIDGE.

It is not only the industrial workers of Australia who have their complaints to make of the hardness of the times, of the crying need for better conditions, of the oppression of circumstances. The artists of Australia—taking that word artist in its broadest sense—have a still bitterer plaint, for at least the conditions of Australian workers are the best in the world, while the conditions attending the struggle for existence of the artist are the worst in the world. It is a commonplace that our best writers and the brethren of the pencil and paint brush must leave their home in order to live—to live decently that is. There are, of course, one or two—perhaps two—exceptions.

Speaking more particularly of writers, it is doubtful if there is one in Australia to-day making a good living by the pen. And by writer it is meant the producer of literature, pure and simple, as apart from the hack journalist. How many in the ranks of the latter there are who by every right of nature and talent belong to the former, God alone knows.

The simpton might ask in surprise how it is that in this glorious land such bad conditions should obtain. On the face of it the answer is because the writer has no market for his wares. While frozen mutton, wheat, butte, and eggs are eagerly welcomed in the lands across the seas, writers, with one or two rare exceptions, find "no admittance" bars their way. In order to really succeed, one must leave Australia and take up the local colour with residence in the foreign country. Vide Dwyer.

The simpton would possibly further exclaim in surprise at this state of things while pointing to our numerous fine weeklies and our magazine! Yes, they all publish a good deal of poetry and some stories, chiefly at Christmas time. Here is, says the simpton, a market, limited perhaps as in the course of evolution it must at present be, but a regular market of a kind. True, but this market is far more limited than the outsider is at all aware of. Here all but one kind of writer finds himself right up against it in his efforts to express himself, and himself alone. She or he (particularly she for reasons presently to be dealt with) is like a beast rushing into a "race" to its fate. The gate is crashed to behind it, and there is no space to turn, and it must even batter its horns on the fence in front. Once in the "race" it is beaten.

The exception who has a good time of it in the enclosure, for it is his natural walk in life, is the humourist. "Smile, Bill!" And he smiles good and plenty, like the sailor in the pantomime, showing the gap in his line of ivory all the time. Smile he must if he have the least faculty of the art—smile, though his home be desolate, his wife a widow and his children orphans. (That's a reflection of his smile!) The Editor demands it—that is sufficient.

A strange madness, let us hope, a passing one, has seized the Australian editor of late years—he has usurped the office of the camera fiend who bids you "be cheerful." He has, perchance, been bitten by the New Thought literature, which, no doubt, for "those who like that sort of thing is the very sort of thing they would like," and may be approved of by millionaires and "sich," but cannot appeal greatly to the fighters in the ranks. Within the last year I have been told by three editors to figuratively "Smile, Bill." I presume to "Show my gratitude" for the chance of being taken.

It has long been said that a "weird melancholy" is the keynote, not only of the Australian bush, but of Australian writers, that we have been and are a pessimistic crew. If those gone before were so, which is a point open to discussion, they at least wrote as they felt, and sincerity is surely the only absolutely indispensable reason for the production of literature. If present-day writers are, it is also because they write as they feel, because they are following their bent, and it is certainly a crime to try to force them into other tracks.

But it is not so much a question of pessimism as a question, so the editor says, of tragedy. He won't have tragedy at any price. He is quite set against it, no matter how good, and has evidently forgotten that all the finest things ever written have all been tragedies, but does not stop to think of the baneful influence he is exerting on the trend of our national literature. You must smile, Bill—show that big gap of yours good and plenty, now—that's it! You must write "light humour," though it does not matter if you throw in a murder or a robbery if it is clothed in delicate humour. It does not matter if the public like what is handed out to them. To the editor the one essential is "cheerfulness." It does not matter if the public positively prefer tragedy, and if it do not why should it so sedulously feed on the horrors of the daily papers. The editors of the dailies are at least sane, they know that if they dished up weak witticisms to their readers instead of murders, accidents, divorces, they would be huge failures—they print their humorous pars. in the smallest type, and pack them away unheeded in odd corners.

Perhaps it is a set-off to their almost un-

limited tragedy that the story editor demands the efforts of the funny man. And here it is that the woman writer has a worse time of it than the man. It is a "falseism" that women have no humour. Had I space I could give a long list of women writers who show their possession of it, though I do not say I could point out one woman who acts the clown all the time. For which let us be thankful—nothing is so tragical as persistent comedy. At all events the Australian man writer has a better look in as things are at present—he can do, if not exactly humour, yet "light tragedy" better. I do not know that the poor wretch wants to "smile" any more than the woman, but he can simulate a grin better. I should rather believe, in contemplating the quality of our Australian humour, that he does it against the grain.

The average woman writer certainly does not wish to write humorous stories, though quite possibly her fiction may contain a soupçon of fun. Her talent runs much more to delineating interesting psychological problems, phases of temperament, sketches of real life, which to the student of life and character, the lover of metaphysics and metapsychics, are intensely more attractive than gold mining rascalities, bushranging brutalities, and ordinary detective yarns, whether served up with or without a wedge of raw humour.

But so it is that in Australia to-day in order to make money by your pen, real money, with weight in it, you must "be cheerful."

Smile, Bill, damn you!

## The Robber And The Robbed.

BY A. REES.

The relations between the capitalist and the wage worker are to-day very acute, and are becoming more so every day, therefore it behooves the wage worker to examine his position. After so doing, and understanding that the capitalist only exists by robbing the worker, or, in other words, he lives on the unpaid labour of the worker. The wage worker must therefore see in what way he can engage and combat this robber class.

Now, one, and perhaps the chief pillar upon which the robber or capitalist class, relies is the army of unemployed. If there was no unemployment, then the wage slaves would become bold, and very soon abolish the capitalist class and their parasitical supporters. Therefore the workers must examine this unemployed question, and see that it is held up in the light of investigation with all its hideousness. Able-bodied men and women, willing to work (under reasonable conditions, yes, and sometimes under unreasonable conditions, or rather always under unreasonable conditions), but unable to find work, they have got to starve because there is no one able at the time to make a profit out of their labour-power. These unemployed must be organised, they must march through the streets, must form up in organised bodies around Parliament House and any other place of advantage they might think fit, and demand work and a reasonable standard of living. This is a period of action, not words and useless rumblings.

Then another position the workers must examine in order to take Direct Action is the point of production, or, in other words, the workshop. There they must unite in a solid body (a local, national, and international body), and take every point of advantage they can wrench from the owning class. They must bear in mind that the machinery and private property of the capitalist class, and even their lives, are not sacred, and it by accident to machinery the workers can gain a point, well then, as Ben Tillet says, "pray to God to cause an accident to the machinery." Many strikes have been won lately by the workers ignoring the "sacred rights of property." The workers must bear in mind that it is in the workshops that they are being robbed, therefore there is where their fight lays; robbed there daily of over two-thirds of the wealth our labour-power produces there. It is from there we must get it back.

Then, in conclusion, let us bring this glaring fact to the front, and keep it there, and that is that we are being gradually poisoned day by day by the adulterated food we are forced to consume, food produced for the express purpose of making profits for the capitalist class. Is there anybody mad enough to think this can be prevented by the appointing of inspectors? Well then, if not, what are we going to do in the matter? Other great questions have got to be dealt with by the workers, but space forbids further discussion.

The mere reformers dream of the establishment of social peace between the classes, between exploited and exploiters, without abolishing exploitation. They would bring this about by having each class exercise a certain self-restraint toward the other, and by the giving up of all "excesses" and "extreme demands." There can be no permanent industrial peace, and there must be class antagonisms so long as there are classes—so long as there is an idle, exploiting class living off the sweat and blood of the laboring class.—Karl Kautsky.

## The New Unionism.

BY J. R. WILSON.

Ever increasing dissatisfaction is being expressed with the present form of Craft or Trade Union organisation, with the result that efforts are being made in all directions for linking up in Federations the various unions, each at the same time preserving its own identity and its own set of officials, each with its own set of rules, agreements with the bosses, initiation fees, etc. To some this appears as the A and Z of the whole vexed question of working-class organisation, and we are assured if this can be done, all will be well. It is not my desire to throw cold water on the efforts of those who seek to improve the weapons at the disposal of the working class, but as regards all being well with organisation on those lines is a different matter.

While fully appreciating the fact that the trade union was born of necessity and has served a useful purpose, it is as well to ask ourselves what useful purpose are they fulfilling now. If we do so, I think we will find the present form of organisation is sadly out of tune with existing industrial conditions.

Now Craft Unionism, or, as it is commonly called, Trade Unionism, implies the grouping of individuals according to craft or trade, and implies skill on the part of the workman to perform a certain task. This form of organisation was undoubtedly in keeping with the time when the tools of production were simple, and when the production of well-finished wares depended upon the workman's knowledge of the technique of his craft.

The machine of production, however, has revolutionised industry, and has practically eliminated skill and craft distinctions, while wages as a result tend ever more and more to one common level. Of what use then the vain effort to preserve craft distinctions and pride ourselves on skill, when all that is required to-day is not strength or skill, but simply sufficient intelligence to tend the mechanical agencies of production. Moreover, it is also the scientific agencies of production that determine the bringing of the working class together in industries instead of crafts, and herein lies the crux of the whole question. Having made that clear as regards craft unionism, now for a word on the much-talked-of amalgamation or loose federation of Trade Unions. As already stated, they preserve their identity as organisations with their own set of officials. Now, one of the curses of the industrial movement to-day, (apart from the form of organisation) is that when the concerted action of other unions are required, the officials of some organisation are sure to get to work, the strings of intrigue are pulled, and the concerted action looked for and necessary is rendered impossible, or largely a farce. There is no value therefore in any form of organisation that provides opportunities for treachery or fosters the principle of our interests as an organisation first, last, and all the time. The new unionism or One Big Union we hear so much about therefore means organisation on vastly different lines, its ultimate goal being not merely the improving of conditions of labour, or the fruitless task in which Trade Unions are engaged of endeavouring to reconcile the irreconcilable interests of masters and slaves, but the final overthrow of the whole system of wage slavery. One Big Union, however, does not imply a sort of Salmagundi, an indiscriminate mingling of all workers regardless of the industry in which they are engaged, on the contrary the one big union idea means unity and order in the place of the present disunity and disorder, with the grouping of all workers—male and female—regardless of age, colour or race, in that particular section of industry to which they belong. Take by way of illustration the Building Trade industry. To-day there are Carpenters, Painters, Plumbers, Glaziers, Hodcarriers, Plasterers, Slaters, Builders' Labourers, etc., all organised separately, all with their precious agreements, with the bosses which many of their officials pleaded upon them, for Christ's sake, not to break, all pulling against one another, all looking out for themselves, and thinking they will be successful by ignoring all others, each in turn scabbing upon the other, and each in turn going down to disaster and defeat. This is one of the lessons constantly being brought home to those who will observe what is happening upon the industrial field, and emphasising the fact that since there are many crafts engaged in one industry, what is wanted is a form of organisation that will link all belonging to a particular industry up in that section of industry, of the One Big Union, we have in this the key to the new form of organisation, as advocated by the I.W.W. One Big Union, with its sections of industry, means organisation in keeping with present methods of production and distribution, and would make possible the concerted action when required of all workers in a particular industry. Thus all workers in the building industry would belong to the building trade section, so all the workers in the Transport Industry, comprising Tramway employees, Railway employees, Seamen, etc.,

would belong to the Transport section of the One Big Union, and so on throughout the entire fields of industry, all sections of which would be equally represented on the General Executive Board. This briefly stated is an outline of the new unionism that would group the workers together in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries, if necessary, cease work when called upon to do so, this making an injury to one an injury to all, and thus marshalling the forces of production in such a way as to make possible the overthrow of capitalism and the emancipation of all who toil.

## Politics.

BY ALFRED UNSEN.

Parliamentary rottenness is ever increasing. Politics provide a favourable opportunity for the triumph of the ambitious, bent on power and enjoyment. Among the various groups we find an incessant battle for power. The names given to the different parties are simply labels, classifying forms of the one burning thirst to rule and dominate. All their questions amount to no more than whether this man or that man should hold the country in his grasp, and distribute favours among his creatures. The great (?) parliamentary battles, which mean nothing more than this man in place of that man, are, in effect, stagnation; there are but vague points of difference between them, and the new master pursues the same course as the previous one, forgetful of programmes and promises as soon as he begins to reign.

In following the parliamentary tragedy with the anguish of a man who ever expects to hear the toxin sound the last hour of the old society, one thinks of the whole army of misery, the multitude of the disinherited, and the poor who cry for justice, while the Chamber, sitting in all pomp, grows furiously impassioned over the question as to whom the nation should belong to, as to which exploiter should devour it like some cancer which preys upon the heart. With what disgust, what nausea, must such a spectacle inspire men of thought, and what a longing for the justice that would bring health and joy. Such parliaments can only be pictured as an open market, where every conscience is for sale, and votes are impudently knocked down to the highest bidder.

The whole nation grows purposeless; the toiling millions resign themselves to the beliefs of the chile who kneels and prays—that glorification of the absurd; they relapse into shadowy metaphysics, through sheer weariness, and the whole human race débâces itself in a frightful nightmare of ignorance. We find men, young and old, and children, beggars in sordid rags, shamefaced paupers, all the waifs and strays of the common shipwrecks of social life, the sickness and injustice which the torrent gathers as it rolls and throws off like scum.

The universal cry of justice, which rises louder and louder in the growing clamour from the once silent multitude, the people that have so long been duped and preyed upon, is but a cry for happiness, the happiness that embodies the complete satisfaction of man's needs, of life loved for its own sake in the midst of peace and joy. Above all the low intrigues and the strife of personal ambition there certainly remains the loftier struggle of the contending principle. History on the march is clearing away the past and gathers in the truth, justice, and happiness of the future.

Progress is but the fruit of conflict and struggle, even the world has been created by the battle of opposing forces, the great industrial conflict of to-day will restore, the treasures and wealth of the earth to the people, its legitimate owners who would know rightfully how to enjoy them. Then what matters the stains, the egotism of politicians, if humanity is still on the march, ever slowly and stubbornly stepping forward. It is not possible that the triumph of what is right would show visibly day by day, for is it not necessary that years shall elapse before the realisation of our hope shall emerge the fermentation? Justice shall yet spring from those troubled elements of tyranny and oppression, freeing herself from all dross, flowing forth with dazzling limpidity, and regenerating the nations. See the old world yielding before a new faith, lingering in its last hour before being swept away before the surging river of human knowledge. Yonder in the future lies the new world.

"A mere property career is not the final destiny of mankind, if progress is to be the law of the future a sit has been of the past. The time which has passed away since civilisation began is but a fragment of the ages yet to come. The dissolution of (modern) society bids fair to become the termination of a career of which property is the end and aim; because such a career contains the element of self-destruction. Democracy in government, brotherhood in society, equality in rights and privileges, and universal education foreshadowed the next highest plane of society to which experience, intelligence and knowledge are steadily tending. It will be a revival in a higher form, of the liberty, equality, and fraternity of the ancient gentes."—Lewis Morgan.



## Another Victim.

Yet another one was added to that ever-increasing bloody list of those sacrificed on the altar of Capitalism in the robbers' everlasting grind for profit. Such a crime, such an outrage, should curdle the blood of human kind, but when the news of the sad fatality reached the surface, the manager of this profit-making field of exploitation continued his game of tennis. What did it matter to him. The slave was dead; he had no intrinsic value; and there were other slaves to fill his place. It was a matter of little consequence to the company. But in this instance it was of more consequence than was a first anticipated. The miners decided to cease work, and not return until their comrade was placed away amongst those others that had gone before him. The miners also decided to strike a 2/6 levy for those dependent on the victim, although some of the old timers considered it unconstitutional. And even in that meeting, saddened by the loss of their comrade, were to be found champions of the Labour Party, who prated about arbitration, conciliation, improved living, conditions, etc., etc. But they were met by men who understood the class struggles, and who were able to pick a few holes in the political blanket of Australia, and put a nasty taste in the mouth of the P.L.L.ers. Let us hope the time is not far distant when the toilers will in their mighty strength declare that no human life is to be sacrificed for profit, and demand that which is theirs by right of production. The full product of their labour, which will never be obtained for them by the so-called Labour Party of Australia, but can only be accomplished by the International Working Class movement, the Socialist Party.

Yours for the Revolution,

INCOG.

## White Australia.

By W. G. K.

It is distinctly amusing to read day after day the grantings of our nation-cleansing pressmen and politicians, regarding the "White Australia Policy." They froth about our social purity, superiority of race, etc., always taking care to give abuse and shoulder the blame on to the coloured ones. Now, with all our boasted high moral standard, more disgusting and degrading viciousness stands to the credit of the civilised white than the untutored savage. With all our brains, civilisation, social purity, superiority of race, etc., we find in recent years one of our leading politicians fighting for the age of consent to be fourteen years. Another wealthy squatter, out Lake Darlot way (W.A.), is lawfully wedded to an aboriginal, and is badly smudging our snow-white purity. Another squatter, a J.P., who deals out six months for being seen on or about a blacks' camp, has a recognised harem of black gins and half-castes near Roeburne (W.A.). I can vouch for the accuracy of "Kimbolton's statement" (Western Worker, 21/6/12) re "half-castes associating with Asiatic cooks." These women are almost white!—the superior races' handiwork. To see what a farce this White Australia is, one only wants to take a voyage around Australia, spend a day or two at each port, and in and about adjoining stations, and he will get a glimpse of our social purity and superiority, and a trip through the interior will convince him that our wonderful whiteness, and high moral standard is irremediably streaked and splattered. Labour bleats of a White Australian Policy, yet one Minister allows an alien to flout the law, and remain long enough, to possibly produce an Austr-Alien who can later on streak our whiteness. What little we do see of life's seamy side goes to prove that the white holds a routine flush when it comes to disease or immorality from our cultured nobility down to the slum unfortunate.

## Chidley's Incarceration.

By W. G. K.

I ask for space to discuss one of the most flagrant acts of professional blackguardism ever perpetrated on a human being. While the cables are still humming (and our ears tingling) with the news of the police scandals in the benighted States of America, a crime no less heinous has been committed in this city, rendered more base by the fact that the excuse for its perpetration is the good of the public.

The features of the case indicate that from Christ to Chidley, professional morals are represented by the swing of a pendulum. Dr. Chisholm Ross (godlike being) admits that he made his recommendation because when questioned Chidley stood by his book. Yet no man, then, in this city laugh at the follies of mediaevalism, or the remnants of them in Europe (including the British Censor of Plays) while W. J. Chidley is under the control of the authorities, and Dr. C. Ross sits on the Censor's throne.

The case against these professional Poo Ba's was put by our modern Aristophanes

when he wrote: "Judge us by the admitted and respected practise of our most reputable circles; and if you know the facts and are strong enough to look them in the face, you must admit that unless we are replaced by a more highly evolved animal—in short, by the Superman—the world must remain a den of dangerous animals, among whom our few accidental supermen, our Shakespeares, Goethes, Shelleys, and their like (if he had known he would have added our Chidleys) must live as precariously as lion tamers do, taking the humour of their situation and the dignity of their superiority as a set-off to the horror of one and the loneliness of the other."

So where are the men of Macquarie-street (the legislators, not the doctors), who will see to it that humanity is not outraged, that the thing which men are beginning to understand is not trampled upon—even the spirit, which can never die.

## The Socialist Postbag.

Dr. J. B. T. (Vic.) writes:

Dear Comrade,—

I wish to bring under your notice an anti-conscription organisation, the Australian Freedom League, Box 615, G.P.O. Adelaide, with a view to having you notice it in the paper. I am enclosing one of their cards, and am asking them to send you some of their literature, which is well worthy of perusal. I am finding the paper very good lately, and very helpful, and hope it may long last to carry on its work on the present lines. Would you kindly send me a bundle (for which I enclose 8d.) of the number containing Com. C. W. Green's paper on the Chapman-Alexander Mission? I want to pass it on to a few clerics.

Yours in the cause,

(We thank Dr. T. for his letter, and the anti-conscription card issued by the Freedom League. The League is doing splendid work against Conscription. This paper fought the scheme from the outset, and rejoiced when the Freedom League came along to help. The Dr. finds the paper "very good lately," and hopes it may live long "to carry on its work on the present lines." We hope all other readers appreciate our efforts to improve the "I.S." We have done our best with the support accorded by readers, but it is a constant battle to make any improvement or progress. However, we have done something to minimise the weekly loss, and have increased the propagandist matter by 30 per cent. The paper is not yet what we would like to make it, but from this time onward we hope to introduce further improvements from time to time. Our militant friends everywhere ought to be moving during the next few months. Better weather will prevail, and the voice of the politician will be heard in the land seducing the electors. The winter is generally against open-air propaganda meetings, and the sale of the paper falls off in the winter months. This last winter, for the first time, the paper has held its own in spite of the weather, and now it commences to forge ahead. Let every comrade work the bundle system for all it is worth during the coming spring and summer, and he or she will be satisfied with the results. The "I.S." has the best contributors in the Commonwealth, and it only remains for the militants to put their views into the hands of thoughtful readers to send the cause ahead. The world is seething with "labour unrest," and the great revolution for which we are working is daily drawing nearer. In every country the workers are gallantly fighting, and so must we.)

J. C. P. (Running Creek, Q.), redeems a promise

Dear Comrade,—When in communication with your manager, Mr. Jorgensen, re literature, I promised to subscribe one pound to printing fund, which promise is now pleasantly fulfilled by the enclosure therewith of a P.N. for that amount. And may it do some good; and especially induce other wage-slaves like myself even to sacrifice some luxury, if need be, to follow suit.

I have great faith in our little "International," and in our literature generally, because it reaches out of the way places where (from want of funds) propagandists can't go. Hoping to find the paper enlarged very soon. Yours for the revolution.

[While thanking J.C.P. for his welcome donation, we would draw attention to what he says in his last paragraph. He has great faith in the *International Socialist* and other literature, "because it reaches out of the way places," where propagandists can't go. J.C.P., and many others, have found that the *I.S.* is quietly finding its way and doing its work out back. Wherever the mailman can go, so can the *I.S.*, and where it goes it generally stays, and creates a desire for other literature of the same quality. Push the *International* and you push all Socialist literature, or it is the pioneer. Every Comrade who knows anyone out back, should mail a trial copy to him or her.]

The master class always pretend to be religious so as to set an example to their slaves who cannot be successfully robbed of surplus value unless their minds are befogged with superstitious ideas.

## A.S.P. News & Notes.

### National Executive.

Meeting of the Ad. Council held at 115 Goulburn-St., Aug. 17.

Delegates present: Whitmore, Jame, (Sydney), Bowen (Balmain), McInnes (Clifton), Askew (Newtown), Roche, Slade (Trustees), Winspear (Acting-Editor and Treasurer), Denford (Acting-Gen-Secy.), Druhmel (I.S. Club), and Jorgensen (Manager).

Credentials from Leichhardt Branch were read appointing A. Holland as their delegate. Resolved that A. Holland be not allowed to sit unless he withdraws his charges against the A. Council.

Minutes of previous meeting were read and adopted.

Correspondence:

Cobar Branch wrote stating that a collection would be taken up for jobbing plant. Received.

Resolved that ballot papers and correspondence applying thereto be held over till next meeting to allow late returns to come in.

From H. E. Holland re affiliation with New Zealand Socialist Party. Received.

### Sydney.

Good meetings were held in Domain on Sunday afternoon and at Market-St. and other places in the evening. Literature sales were good.

On Sunday evening Com. Riley lectured at the Socialist Hall, 37 Park-St., on the "World's Revolutions," when he ably dealt with the subject and described the most important revolutions of the past.

The lecture was attentively listened to and warmly applauded at the close. A few questions were then dealt with.

### Newtown.

The usual Saturday and Sunday nights meetings were held at Newtown and were well attended and very successful. Literature sold well.

—ANNIE DUFFIELD, Sec.

### Leichhardt-Annandale.

The usual meeting was held on Saturday night when Young and Knight spoke to a good audience. A few drunks interrupted the speakers but the majority listened attentively.

—YOUNG Sec.

### Brisbane.

At our Thursday night's meeting we made final arrangements for the holding of open air meetings. Saturday night, therefore, saw us out at the corner of Queen and William streets, where we made our maiden effort at the awaking of the class spirit in the minds of the deluded workers of Brisbane. Martens had the chair, and Read, Rees, Brown and Anderson gave the listening crowd something to think about. That the crowd was interested is proved by the fact that we sold out our papers, and also literature to the amount of 10/-, while a number of those present intimated their intention of attending our Sunday afternoon meetings. Not bad for the first go. We intend holding our next meeting on Wednesday, 14th, before this will appear, and regularly afterwards on Saturday nights.

Comrade Stead was to take the lecture this afternoon.

I could not be present as I was attending a meeting of delegates from the Brisbane Unions, held in the Trades Hall, for the consideration of the misnamed "Industrial Peace Bill," which I herewith rechristen "The Declaration of Industrial War." A committee was appointed for the purpose of fighting the measure, which contains all the iniquitous provisions of the N.S.W. Labour Government's Industrial Arbitration Act. One effect it is certain to have, and that is the growth of the idea of Industrial versus Craft Unionism. And it will help to stir the thoughts of workers towards the class struggle. I hope I shall have a good report of progress to give next week.

EDW. H. BRADY.

### Melbourne.

Sunday, the meeting on the Yarra Bank, was a huge success, all speakers were in splendid form, and handled the case for Socialism effectively, from general standpoints.

In the evening Comrade W. Middleton gave an address at the rooms, entitled Science and Religion. There was a good attendance. The proceedings were considerably enlivened by the Sunday School scholars (under the control of A. Victory), who rendered songs and gave some excellent recitations.

On Wednesday a social and dance was held at the party headquarters, the songs rendered by a number of comrades and friends being highly appreciated. A substantial revenue is reported.

The usual midday address was delivered at Moore's timber yard on Friday. Keen interest is being manifested, and when the

20,000 leaflets on Socialism come to hand a special effort to deliver addresses at other factories will be made.

We have to record with regret the departure of Comrades Pope, G. Hyslop, and C. Green for Broken Hill. Our loss being a gain to the fighting strength of Barrier Socialists.

Visitors at the Rooms during the week were Comrades R. Hogg, of New Zealand, and W. King. Comrade Hogg was unable to remain with us for week, as anticipated. Comrade King, however, will be with us for a few days, and will speak on Sunday evening at the Party Headquarters on the Economics of Labour.

Friday evening meetings at Collingwood and South Melbourne continue. All the speakers are attentively listened to, and hand out the real goods.

Comrade Mrs. Jessie McDonald has returned from Adelaide after a few months' holiday, where she ably assisted comrades in the Holy City. Our comrade will deliver an address in the immediate future on the Evolution of the God.

"We fear," says the *Morning Post*, "that there are far too many people in England who think they are privileged to look on at the struggle of life in the intervals of enjoyment without any thought of service." That is just what the Socialists have been urging for many weary years. There are far too many, and every proposal to reduce their number, every proposal to make them do some honest work is met by indignant shouts from the *Morning Post* and its contemporaries.

At the Universities, where the sons of the wealthy class are trained in the mean and unmanly art of fleeing, the same paper assures us that these young men "perhaps get into a shallow-clever set who sneer at patriotism, denounce the Empire as organised oppression, and glory in an anti-national creed." If this is so, it goes to prove that the wealthy class know what they are up to. They know that the whole scheme of things is a gigantic fraud upon the workers, and they must know that it cannot last. The wonder to all thinking men is, that when they leave the universities they continue to be mean enough to condone the fraud, and close their mouths about it.

### Press and Maintenance Fund.

Already acknowledged, £20 0s 1d. Collected at Club 6s 4d, J. H. Corbett 1s, R. Ellison 2s 6d. Total £26 6s 11d.

### Sydney Propaganda Fixtures.

SATURDAY.

Rozelle—Sloan, Tallbot, Bowen.  
Leichhardt—Young, Knight, Slade.  
Newtown—Duffield, Walsh, Martin.  
Bathurst-street—Whitmore, Condron, Riley.

SUNDAY.

Domain—Slade (chair), Whitmore, Jones, Bowen.  
Market-street—Slade, Brown, Bowen.  
Goulburn-street—Reeves (Chair), James, Riley.  
Balmain—M. Moore, Willis, Sloan, C. Moore.  
Newtown—Martin, Duffield, Walsh.

Sunday Aug. 25, Socialist Hall, Park-St., Com. Willis lectures on "Defence."

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 28.

Com. Slade lectures on "Why the Church opposes Socialism."  
Sept. 1 Com. Roche lectures on "The Ethics of Socialism."

### Socialist Publishing and Jobbing Plant.

Amount previously acknowledged £18 15s 6d.  
Received on account: H. L. Denford 1s, H. Dierks 1s, G. F. Lorrimer 1s, J. Quinton 2s, E. Wagner 2s, M. Nielson 1s, L. Chambers 5s, F. Duncker 2s, A. McInnes 2s, Cobar Branch 8s.

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(ORGANISED 1905.)



Australian Administration: E. Moyle, general sec.-treasurer, Socialist Hall, Wakefield-street, Adelaide.  
Sydney Local: Geo. G. Reeve, sec.-treasurer, 222 Cumberland-st., Sydney.  
Auckland (N.Z.) Local: C.T. Reeve, sec.-treasurer.

Queen's Buildings, Wellesley-street.  
Christchurch Local: S. Kingston, sec.-treas., Judd's Buildings, Christchurch, N.Z.

This organisation stands for industrial action only, and is not affiliated with any parliamentary party whatsoever, nor with any body other than an industrial organisation.

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